

MAY 10c

WORLD WAR III

ACE

THE WAR THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN
IF AMERICA REMAINS STRONG AND ALERT



Editorial Note: Our reason for publishing this shocking account of World War III is heavily made clear. America—and the world—must be awakened to grim facts. The only way to prevent such mass destruction is to prepare NOW. Nothing less than a super-strong, fully alerted America can hold this terrible horror of the future! *The Editors*

JET JAMMERS' JAMBOREE

IN THAT FATEFUL SUMMER OF 1960, AMERICA DUG OUT FROM BOMB A-BOMB ATTACKS AND FRANTICALLY REORGANIZED OUR REAR HOME DEFENSE. ON WORLD-WIDE FRONTS, U.N. FORCES FOUGHT DELAYING ACTIONS AGAINST THE SPEEDING RED TIDE. OUR COUNTER-OFFENSIVE GOT SLOWLY MOVING WITH A-BOMB RAIDS ON RUSSIAN INSTALLATIONS AND A DIRECT HIT BY A GUIDED ATOMIC MISSILE ON MOSCOW. AFTER THE FIRST MASS SOVIET AIR ATTACK ON THE STATES, THERE WAS A LULL. THEN, ONE DAY AT A STRATEGIC COASTAL ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY, . . .

IS THIS WHAT THEY ALERTED US FOR? ONE LONELY RED Z-WAY BOMBER? ONE HIT FROM THESE MIND-ELECTRO ROCKET ACH-REKS WILL BLAST HIM TO SMITHERS!

HEY! WHAT'S WRONG? OUR ELECTRONICALLY CONTROLLED ROCKETS ARE BEING DEFLECTED BY SOME FORCE FROM THAT SNEaky PLANE? WE CAN'T HIT HIM BE' HE'S MOVING RIGHT ON THROUGH OUR CONCENTRATED FIRE!

OH—I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, SIR! ALL FIRE-CONTROL UNITS ARE WORKING PERFECTLY!

YET OUR ROCKETS ARE BEING THROWN OFF TARGETS! THANK HEAVEN IT'S ONLY ONE ATTACKING BOMBER! IF IT WAS A WHOLE SQUADRON . . .

HAIL TO OUR GREAT RUSSIAN INDEMNITY! LIEUTENANT! THIS TEST FLIGHT WITH THE NEW JAMMARRY EQUIPMENT TO EVERT ELECTRONICALLY CONTROLLED WEAPONS IS WORKING LIKE A CHARM! WE'LL FLY ON, UNTOUCHED!





IN-HOLD AT OUR OWN MILITARY STRATEGIC COMMAND IN B...

THERE'S A PANORAMAVISION SHOT OF THE FIGHTING IN CENTRAL EUROPE! IT'S CLEAR WHERE WE'RE EQUIPPED WITH ATOMIC ARTILLERY, THE RED ADVANCE IS BEING SLOWED --

SORRY TO BREAK IN, BUT I'VE GOT BAD NEWS FROM AIR DEFENSE!



THE NEWS OF THE LONG RUSSIAN BOMBING IS RECEIVED WITH GREAT ALARM...

WHAT HAPPENED IS OBVIOUS. THE REDS HAVE A MACHINE THAT JAMS THE DIRECTION-BEAMS OF OUR ELECTRONICALLY CONTROLLED MISSILES-- THE ONE WEAPON WE WERE COUNTING ON TO REPEL NEW RAIDS!

AND-- AND NOW IT'S USELESS!



NOW THAT THEIR TEST FLIGHT WAS A SUCCESS, WE CAN EXPECT A MASS RAID. WITH OUR COASTAL DEFENSES PRACTICALLY HELPLESS, ENOUGH RED RAIDERS WILL EVADE OUR INTERCEPTORS, REACH THEIR TARGETS, TO MAKE THEIR FIRST ATOMIC STRIKES SEEM LIKE A "PICNIC!"



BUT THE COUNTRY CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE SUCH DE-VESTATING A-BOMB ATTACKS!

WE HAVE ONE LAST-DITCH AERIAL DEFENSE WEAPON, THE OPERATION OF WHICH CANNOT BE FOULED UP BY ANY RUSSIAN DEVICE-- BECAUSE IT IS HUMANLY OPERATED! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN COLONEL JEFFERS' FIVE UNIT CAN BE READED FOR ACTION AT ONCE!



TEN HOURS LATER, AT A NIGHT-JET INTERCEPTION AIR FORCE BASE...

HI, COLONEL JEFFERS, OLD BOY! WENT THEY YET GOTTEN AROUND TO RETIRING YOU OLD WAR DOGS FROM THE LAST

LISTEN, HAL! YOU AND YOUR JET-JOCKEYS HAVE BEEN GOING TOO FAR, BEING MY JOB! IT'S GOT TO STOP UNDERSTANDING?



YES, SIR, COLONEL! IS THAT AN ORDER, COLONEL, SIR? GUESS YOU OLD HAS-BEENS JUST CAN'T TAKE A LITTLE KIDDING!

I SAID CUT IT, HAL! I HATE TO PULL RANK ON MY OWN BROTHER, BUT...



STOP THE APOLOGIES! IT'S BAD ENOUGH YOU OLD GOATS HAVE TO LOOSE UP THE AIRWAYS WITH YOUR SILLY RAMMER PLANES, WITHOUT GETTING SORE ABOUT IT, IN THE BARGAIN!

LISTEN TO ME, YOU YOUNG PUNK!



WE COULD FLY THOSE SUPERSONIC JETS AS GOOD AS YOU SQUIRTS, IF THE MEDICS WOULD LET US! EACH OF US HAS MORE COMBAT TIME THAN ALL OF YOU YOUNG GUYS TOGETHER! WE CAN'T HELP BEING ASSIGNED TO AN EXPERIMENTAL RAMMER SQUADRON.



WHERRRR-WHEEEAARARRRRR! PERSONNEL OF JET SQUADRON 44 AND RAMMER GROUP 2, REPORT TO YOUR READY ROOMS! COLONEL FRED JEFFERS AND MAJOR HAL JEFFERS, REPORT TO ADMINISTRATION BUILDING! ON THE DOUBLE!



AN ALERT FOR BOTH OUR SUITS? I DON'T GET IT! IF IT'S AN ENEMY ATTACK, WHAT DO THEY NEED YOUR RAMMER PLANES FOR? OUR INTERCEPTORS CAN IMMEDIATE ANY COMBAT CRATES?

WE'LL SOON SEE!



LET THIS MOMENT, FOR DUTY AT SUB...

ATTENTION, MAGNO! PANORAMA, CONTACT SUB, 2-5, FOCUSED ON FLIGHT ENEMY HEAVY BOMBERS, 2-H 40'S, HEADING EAST SOUTH EAST!



GENERAL COMMAND HEADQUARTERS GETS THE FLAM...

THAT'S THEM, ALL RIGHT! AND THE WAY THE MAGNO-ELECTRO ROCKETS FROM THE SUB ARE BEING OFFLATER, THAT WHOLE RED SQUADRON MUST BE EQUIPPED WITH THEIR NEW JAMMING DEVICE!





THEY'LL COME IN FROM THE NORTHEAST, THEIR TARGETS THE WAR PLANTS OF NEW ENGLAND, NEW YORK AND JERSEY. SUCH A BLOW WOULD BE DISASTROUS / THEY MUST BE STOPPED / IT'S ALL UP TO COLONEL JEFFERS AND THE INTERCEPTOR GROUP /



WELL BACK AT THE NEAREST AIR BASE / YES, MAJOR, THAT'S THE SETUP / I'VE HEARD YOU AND YOUR BOYS HAVE BEEN RIDING THE RAMMER SQUADRON PILOTS. LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO EAT CROW, EH ?

YOU MEAN FRED'S CLUMSY DELTA-WINGED RAMMERS, JOCKIES BY A BUNCH OF OLD-TIMERS ARE ACTUALLY GOING INTO COMBAT / OH, NO /



YES, MAJOR / THE COLONEL'S GROUP WILL LET BACK OF YOURS, RAM BWO ANY ENEMY BOMBERS THAT GET THROUGH YOUR INTERCEPTORS— EXCUSE ME... THE PHONE /

I'VE GOT TO THE ANSWER TO THAT / MY BOYS'LL SEC TO IT THAT NOTHING GETS THROUGH /



YES, SIR / THEIR OUTFITS ARE BEING READED RIGHT NOW / YES, SIR /... IMMEDIATELY, SIR /

FOSSETT / SOUNDS LIKE MOHO CALLING / WE'VE GOING TO WORK RIGHT AWAY /



COLONEL FRED JEFFERS WAS RIGHT. FLIGHT PLANS WERE IMMEDIATELY OUTLINED FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

WELL, KID, US OLD-TIMERS AND OUR FLYING ARROW-HEADS ARE GOOD FOR SOMETHING /

BOYS / YOU'LL END UP RAMMING SOME OF OUR INTERCEPTORS BY MISTAKE / THIS IS ACTUAL COMBAT—NOT A TEST FLIGHT / YOU WON'T EVEN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO THESE RUDDY FLIES TO RAM 'EM /



WE WON'T BE THE HEROES OF THIS BATTLE, MAJOR / THOSE RAMMER PILOTS—ANY WHO LIVE THROUGH THE SHOTS—WILL BE THE WHITE-HAIRED BOYS / THIS IS PRACTICALLY A SUICIDE MISSION FOR THEM /

HAH / WE'LL KNOCK THE REDS OUT OF THE SKY BEFORE THAT RAMMER GANG FIGURES WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT /

THIS'LL BE A TOUGH SHUFFLE, KID! LET'S SHAKE AND LET BYGONES BE BYGONES! I—WELL—AFTER ALL, WE MIGHT NOT HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE UP, LATER!

DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL GET BACK! WE WON'T BE LEAVING ANY RED RAIDERS FOR YOU TO RAMP! WE'LL SHOW YOUR OUTFIT UP FOR THE PIPE DREAM IT REALLY IS!



WITH THOSE JET-INTERCEPTORS DOING SUCH A BARE-UP JOB, HAL'S GOTTEN TOO BIG FOR HIS BRITCHES! HE'S RIDIN' FOR A FALL!

EVERYTHING CHECKED, SIR—AIR BRAKES, BRAD SHUTE, EJECTOR SEAT—ALL OKAY! GOOD LUCK, COLONEL!



COLONEL JEFFERS TO RAMMER SQUADRON! WE TAKE OFF WHEN THE JETS CIRCLE THE FIELD! WAIT FOR SIGNAL!



OPEN THREE-JETS FULL SPEED! STRIKE OUT NORTH-NORTH-EAST, CLIMBING, LEVEL OFF AT 30,000!



I'M THE LEAD JET PLANE, MAJOR HAL JEFFERS TO INTERCEPTOR SQUADRON...

WE'RE GOING TO CIRCLE WIDE IN FORMATION, GIVE THOSE SLOWPOKE RAMMER CRATES A CHANCE TO CATCH UP! THEY'RE ALREADY SO FAR BEHIND, THEY'LL NEVER---



BUT BEFORE THE MAJOR'S EYES...

HAL! THIS IS FRED! LET'S GET GOING! WHAT'RE WE WAITING FOR? WE'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE CONNIES OFF THE MAIN COAST!

WHAT THE---? WHERE DID THEY COME FROM? NOW--?



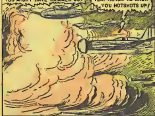
FORGOT IT'S BEEN TOP SECRET UNTIL NOW AND YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT IT, HAL! THESE RAMMER JOKS ARE EQUIPPED WITH AFTER-BURNERS ON THEIR TURBO-JETS, FOR HIGH CATCHING UP SPEED! WANT US TO BLOW DOWN AND WAIT FOR YOU JET-JOCKIES?



AFTER THEIR DISPLAY, THE RAMMERS FELL BACK INTO POSITION...

THAT WAS A DANGEROUS STUNT, COLONEL! YOU MIGHT HAVE RAMMED US!

SORRY, KID! JUST COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO SHOW YOU HOTSHOTS UP!



MEANWHILE, AT MILITARY HIGH COMMAND HQ...

THOSE RED BOMBERS SURE ARE COOKY ABOUT THEIR JAMMING EQUIPMENT! LOOK! THEY'VE MADE NO EFFORT TO AVOID THAT SECTION OF OUR NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET!

THEY'RE ZOOMING RIGHT THROUGH OUR GUIDED-ROCKET FIRE! IN HALF AN HOUR THEY'LL REACH THE MAIN COAST!



THEN IT'LL BE UP TO OUR INTERCEPTORS AND RAMMERS TO KEEP THE REDS FROM GETTING INLAND! IF EVEN A COUPLE OF THOSE BOMBERS GET THROUGH, IT'LL BE A SEVERE BLOW TO OUR HOME MORALE, AT THIS TIME!



THIRTY MINUTES LATER, OVER THE COAST OF NINE...

HAL! THIS IS FRED! YOU SAID TAKE FIRST WHACK AT 'EM! WE'LL GO AFTER ANYTHING THAT GETS THROUGH YOU!

HERE THEY COME, DANDY/BREAK FORMATION! GET ON TOP OF 'EM! YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, NOW!



THE NEXT INSTANT THE GREATEST NAUTICAL BATTLE OF ALL TIME WAS ON IN ALL ITS THUNDERING, FLAMING, FURY...



TO MAJOR MR. JEFFERS' SURPRISE...

HIT! SOMETHING'S HAYWIRE HERE! WHEN I GET WITH FIRING RANGE OF ANY OF THE BLOKAYS, MY WING GUNS JAM UP ON ME!



IN A RUSSIAN BORDER...

NO! WHEN THEY GET TOO CLOSE, OUR GUNNERY MACHINE INTERFERES WITH THE ELECTRICAL CONTROLS OF THEIR WING GUNS! BUT OUR OWN GUNS ARE INSULATED AGAINST IT! WE HAVE THEM AT OUR MERCY WHEN THEY GET TOO CLOSE! SEE, AMERICAN BOSS!



MEANWHILE, IN THE HAMMER PLANE FORMATION...

RED PLANE BREAKING OUT OF THE FIGHTING, AT NINE O'CLOCK, COLONEL JEFFERS' I'LL GET HIM!



HERE GOES, HUSSY! GOT TO REMEMBER TO LOWER MYSELF INTO THE ARMORED FUSelage JUST BEFORE I HIT 'EM! THEN PRAY THE AUTOMATIC EJECTOR WORKS!



EEEEYIIIIAAAAH! AMERICAN FOOL IS GOING TO RAM US! HE MUST BE MAD! HE'LL BE KILLED, TOO!



THE SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED JAMMER PLANE, WITH HEAVILY STEEL-PLATED NOSE AND LEADING EDGE EDGES, DOES ITS JOB SUPERBLY!



WHEN I BEING EJECTED AT THE TIME OF IMPACT IS LIKE GETTING SHOT OUT OF THE MOUTH OF A CANNON! MY PART OF THE BATTLE IS OVER NOW!

KILL MAD-DOG THREE Flier WHO TRY TO ESCAPE AFTER DESTROYING ONE OF OUR PLANES!



ARRGGH!

MAJOR NAL JEFFERS SAW THE FUSSEMAN RUN THE ENLIST...

THE COLD-BLOODED MURDERING RATS! I'LL GET 'EM FOR THAT! IF I FOUR SLUGS INTO THE PILOT'S COMPARTMENT FROM A DISTANCE, MAYBE I CAN KNOCK OUT THEIR JAMMING EQUIPMENT AND GET IN CLOSE!



IT WORKED! I GOT IN CLOSE WITHOUT MY MACHINE GUNS JAMMING AND NAILED 'EM! I GUESS THEIR EQUIPMENT JAMS ONLY GUIDED SHELLS, NOT REGULAR LEAD!



BUT THE REDS CLOSED IN ON HIM...

TRAPPED! CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO OF THOSE RED DEVILS! THEY'RE MAKING A SIEVE OUT OF THIS CRATE!

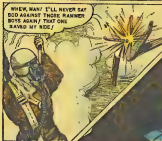




THEY FINISHED ME/
GOT TO HIT THE
BOMB!



MY BROTHER, HAL, HAD TO
BAIL OUT! THAT GONNY BOMBER
IS DELIBERATELY TRYING TO
CUT HIM DOWN! GOT TO
STOP THEM!



WHEN, HAH! I'LL NEVER SAY
GOD AGAIN! THESE HAMMER
BOYS AGAIN! THAT ONE
SAVED MY HIDE!



FRED! THAT WAS YOU WHO
BUTTED THAT BOMBER FOR
ME JUST IN THE nick OF
TIME!

YEAH! ME! ME—
ONE OF THE OLD
MEN OF THE AIR
FORCE— IN MY
CLUNKY OLD HAMMER
MACHINE!



OHAY, COLONEL! I DESERVE
ALL YOUR RIBBINS AFTER THE
JOB YOU GUYS DID TODAY, YOU'LL
HAVE THE WHOLE AIR FORCE
TIPPING THEIR HATS! CAN
YOU FORGIVE YOUR BROTHER
JACKASS OF A BROTHER,
FRED. I---

FORGET IT AND
TANK YOUR
AUTOMATIC!
WE'RE BEING
SHOT AT!



A COUPLE 'O' COMBES WHO HAD
TO HIT THE B.R., TOO! SET 'EM,
FRED! IT'S EITHER THEM OR US!
UHHH! THEY CLIPPED ME!

THAT
FINISHED 'EM!



IN GENERAL HEADQUARTERS

WE'VE ASSIGNED A
PANDORMACONTACT PLANE
TO THE BATTLE! LET'S
SEE HOW IT'S GOING!



COLONEL JEFFERS' BOYS DID IT! THAT'S
THE LAST TWO RED BOMBERS! WHEN NEWS
OF THIS GETS BACK TO THE KREMLIN,
THEY'LL CALL OFF FUTURE RAIDS UNTIL
THEY FIGURE SOME WAY TO KNOCK OUT
OUR RAMMER SQUADRONS! BUT
THEY CAN'T OVERTHROW THE
HUMAN EQUATION!

LATER, AT THE AIR BASE HOSPITAL

COLONEL, HOW ABOUT GETTING ME
TRANSFERRED TO YOUR RAMMER
SQUADRON--OR DON'T YOU HAVE
ANY USE FOR US YOUNG,
UNEXPERIENCED SQUADS?

YOU'LL DO
FINE STANDING RIGHT
WITH YOUR OWN
OUTFIT, HAL! I JUST
REMEMBER FROM NOW
ON THAT ONE JOB IS JUST
AS BIG AND IMPORTANT AS
ANOTHER IN THIS
GLOBAL WAR!



THAT BATTLE TOOK
HEAVY CASUALTIES IN
BOTH OUR OUTFITS!
WE'VE BROKEN THE BACK
OF RUSSIAN AIR OFFENSE--
FOR NOW! ANTHONY!
BUT AT TERRIBLE COSTS!
... I'VE GOT TO GET DOWN
THERE FOR THE LAST
TAPS CEREMONY, KID!

YEAH! (LULU!)
GAT A PRAYER
FOR ME FOR
ALL THOSE
GREAT GUYS
WHO ARE
GONE,
FRED!



THE END

COMMANDO *in* MUFT!

HOW? I'VE HEARD ABOUT THESE NEW HUGE TRANSPORT HELICOPTERS, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN ONE! WHERE ARE THEY TAKING US IN THIS OVERBROWN EGG BEATER?

DEFINITE! VERY HIGH-RISE! WE'LL PROBABLY GET THE DOPE, ONCE WE'RE IN THE AIR!

SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF WORLD WAR II, OSS MEN, WORKING WITH SMALL SYMPATHETIC UNDERGROUND FORCES IN RUSSIA, HAD BEEN ON AN IMPORTANT AND DANGEROUS MISSION OF ESPIONAGE—TO LEARN THE LOCATION OF THE JEDS' MOON A-SOME STOCKPILES. WHEN ONE OF THESE MAN STOCKPILES WAS FINALLY LOCATED, SPECIALLY TRAINED MEN, PARATROOPERS AND A SMALL SQUAD OF CIVILIAN NUCLEAR PHYSICISTS WERE ORDERED INTO IMMEDIATE ACTION FROM A NORTH AFRICAN BASE.

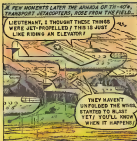
THE SECOND CREW WORKS HARDER, LONDON.

WHEREVER THIS GUTTIE IS HEADIN', THEY'RE IN FOR SOME HEAVY ACTION BY THE LOOKS OF ALL THIS BIG STUFF THEY'RE TOTTIN' WITH 'EM!

THAT'S ALL OF THE BANT HITS!

HEY, LOOK, GUYS! CIVILIANS! WHAT KIND OF A GAD IS THIS? WE GOIN' ON A PIONEER OF BUMPIN'?

KNOCK IT OFF! THESE GUYS ARE... UR... NUCLEAR PHYSICISTS! ATOMIC SCIENTISTS, TO YOU DUMB MOOS!





TWO HOURS LATER, THE INVASION ARMAADA SET DOWN ON ENEMY SOIL IN THE HEART OF THE URALS...



BACK IN THE U.S., TOP BRASS WATCH THIS DARING, VITAL OPERATION ON THE PANORAMA- VIEWER SCREEN...



IN THE RUSSIAN FASTNESSES, THE FIGHTING GROWS MORE FIERCE...





BACK IN THE U.S. HIGH COMMAND HQ...

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY
THIS ATTACK IS GOING!
OUR A-BOMB BURST SHOULD
HAVE WIPED OUT MOST OF
THE RESISTANCE / A LOT OF
RED TROOPS MUST'VE
BEEN IN THE TUNNELS,
ESCAPED THE BLAST!

OUR TROOPS
ARE BEING
SLAUGHTERED,
GENERAL, AS
THEY GET CLOSER
TO THE TUNNELS!



WE'RE CLOSE ENOUGH NOW
TO SEE THESE FLAME BOMBS!
LET 'EM HAVE IT!



FIRE!



THOSE FLAMES
PINEAPPLES BEAT THE
OLD FLAME-THROWERS
BY A MILE / EASIER
TO CARRY AND TO /
DON'T HAVE TO
GET SO CLOSE
TO USE 'EM!

WERE BURNED
THESE NESTS
OUT OF
THEIR NESTS.
PROBOS!



I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, ROBERTS /
ELKING IS MORE LIKE YOUR OWN SON
THAN A SON-IN-LAW! BUT WITH A
LITTLE LUCK, HE'LL BE ALL
RIGHT!

YES!
ELKING AND...
I TRUST THAT
LUCK ACCOMPANIES
THEM ALL ON
THIS MISSION!



THEY WILL MAKE IT! THEY'VE GOT TO! IT WILL
SET THE KIDS BACK FIVE YEARS! WITH THEIR
RESERVE A-BOMBS MADE USELESS, THE
PEW THEY HAVE LEFT WILL
HAVE TO BE USED
SPARINGLY!

YOU'RE RIGHT,
GENERAL! IT'S UP TO
THEM NOW—ELKING
AND THE OTHERS!



HERE'S A WEAPON AND
LIMO SUPPLY TRANSPORT COPTER
THAT JUST LANDED! IT'S SUPPOSED
TO CARRY A COUPLE O' JET-JEES!
THAT'S WHAT WE NEED TO GET
THROUGH TO THE TUNNELS,
FAST!



GOP! I
SORRY! I—OH—
LOST MY
BALANCE!

YOU CLIMBY OX! I
KEEP ON FALLIN' AND
FLOUNDERIN' AROUND
AND WE'LL NEVER GET
THIS JOB DONE!



IT'S ABOUT TIME
YOU LEARNED SOME-
THING, LEUTENANT! I
DAVE ELKINS CAN'T
HELP HERE!

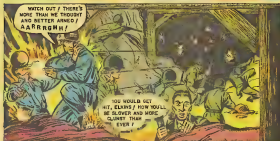
HOLD IT,
JENNINGS! I
CAN FIGHT MY
OWN BATTLE!



WE HAV'N GOT TIME TO ARGUE,
NOW! KEEP FOAMIN' LEAD AT THOSE
BUSKIES WHILE I JOONEY THIS
CRAZY JET-BUNNY!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, A RUSSIAN MORTAR
SHELL SMASHED THE JET-JEEP!











FOR SOME CRAZY REASON THEY SEEM TO WANT TO CAPTURE US ALIVE, NOW!

PROBABLY DECIDED THEY WANT TO LEARN WHAT WE DID TO THEIR BOMBS! KEEP SILENT, LEUTENANT! WE'RE THINKING 'EM OUT!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HOP AROUND? THIS IS YOUR ONLY CHANCE TO GET BACK TO THE ONE TRANSPORT 'COPTER THE BLOSSIES HAVEN'T POLISHED OFF!



LOOKS LIKE ENOUGH RED ARMY RESERVES ARRIVED AT THE VALLEY TO BUST UP THE MISSION!
UGHGGGHH!

YEAR! ANOTHER FEW MINUTES AND THAT JETCOPTER COULDN'T HAVE WAITED FOR—
HEY! DID THEY GET YOU AGAIN, ELKING?



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

JUST A FLESH WOUND? HE'LL BE OKAY, SUFFERING FROM SHOCK, MOSTLY! WHO IS THIS GUY? GOT A TH' LEG—AND THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR AROUND HIS NECK? MUST BE A VET FROM THE LAST WAR!

DIVISION? THAT MAKES ME A PRIZE BAP! I'VE BEEN HIDING HIM ABOUT HIS CLEM—NESS! I—I'LL BE POLISHING HIS BOOTS FROM NOW ON!



BACK AT U.S. COMMAND HQ...

THEY MADE IT! MADE IT! AN INVASION THAT WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY!

YES AND—AND GAVE ELKING, THOUGH WOUNDED, GOT OUT SAFELY WITH THEM! THAT'S THE BEST ORILIAN-ARMY TEAMWORK AND COOPERATION I'VE EVER SEEN!

WHILE THE INITIAL ATTACKS OF THE MASSIVE SOVIET WAR MACHINES HAVE BEEN SOMEWHAT BLUNTED ON MOST WORLD-WIDE FRONTS, THEIR UNDERSEA RAIDERS HAVE BEEN STRUCKING WITH DEVASTATING SUCCESS. BLER, ATOMTORPED SHORPED SPECIALS, HAVE LAUNCHED SUICIDE-MOBILE ATTACKS ON U.S. BASES IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE. EVERY ATTEMPT BY SEA AND AIR TO DESTROY THE ENEMEL'S BALDIE BASES HAVE BEEN UNSUCCESSFUL... SO FAR... NOW, IN

THE MAIN RED BASE...

DEVILS OF THE DEEP

TOO MANY CLOSE CALLS FOR ME ON THIS LAST RAID, COMRADE! THAT ONE FLEET OF U.S. SUB-CHASERS IN THE NORTH SPA ALMOST TRAPPED US!

YES BUT WE ARE COMPLETELY SAFE HERE IN OUR NIGHTY BASE! OUR STUPID ENEMIES HAVE GIVEN UP TRYING TO BLAST US OUT OF HERE!

BUT THE STUBBORN FOOLS NEVER GIVE UP! I'M SURPRISED THEY HAVEN'T TRIED TO GET IN HERE WITH ONE OF THEIR UNDERSEA RAIDERS!

PAUSE NOW CAN THEY? ALL OUTER APPROACHES ARE HEAVILY PATROLLED AND THE ENTRANCE TO THE BASE (YORK) IS MONITORED WITH MINES!

AT THAT MOMENT A FEW MILES OUT, A U.S. SUB-CHASER SPOTTED ITS "WEDDING"...

WE'VE BLASTED THIS WHOLE AREA, LUNTERING MY. SR. SINCE OUR SONAR EQUIPMENT PICKED UP WARNINGS OF UNDERSEA CRAFT! THEY'RE FINISHED!

OK! NO ONE CAN ENTER THESE HEAVILY PROTECTED WATERS!



THE TARGET OF
THE VIGILANT U.S.
S. A. COASTAL
PATROLS, THE U.S.
SUBMARINE FINE,
SETTLED QUIETLY
INTO THE MUD
AS HIGH EXPLO-
SIONS BLASTED
ALL AROUND
IT.



Inside The S.S.

WHEN A. C. THAT
GOES TO STOP? (GAL. A)
WHY D-DON'T THEY LEAVE
US ALONE?

HEY, CAN'T THE REST OF
YOU FROGGER SHUT THAT DAVE
OUT OF? HE'S BIRING US ALL
THE JITTERS?

EASY, BERT? WE SUFFERED
NO DIRECT HITS, JUST CON-
CASSION? AND THERE WASN'T
BEEN A BLAST FOR SOME TIME!
IT MUST BE ABOUT OVER!

YOU OUGHT TO HEAT
SOME OF THE YELLOW-
BELLS OUT OF HIM
INSTEAD OF TALKIN'
HIM, KILCOLLEN!

KNOCK IT OFF, JACKSON!
BERT DAVIS IS AS BRAVE AS ANY
OF US. JUST NERVOUS. THAT'S
ALL! ONCE HE GETS USED TO
COMBAT, HE'LL BE GREAT!

OH-THANKS, BERT?
THEY A-A-JUST DON'T
UNDERSTAND?

NO-PROBS, MY BIRD? THAT
DUMB OUT WAS BEEN CHICKEN
SINCE HE JOINED THE UNDER-
WATER DEMOLITION CORPS! IF
MIKE KILCOLLEN DIDN'T COME!
FOR HIM, HE'D HAVE WASHED
OUT LONG AGO!

AND A
YELLOW-BELLY LIKE
THAT CAN ENDANGER US
ALL ON A DANGEROUS
MISSION LIKE THIS ONE!

SOMETIMES I THINK MAYBE
THEY'RE RIGHT, BERT? MAYBE
YOU'D BETTER NOT GO ON THIS
JOB? IF YOU LOSE YOUR NERVE
IN ENEMY TERRITORY—

NO, NO, MIKE? I'VE GOT
TO GO—PROVE TO MYSELF
AS WELL AS ALL OF YOU—
I'M NO COWARD!





ALL RIGHT, BERT / BUT IF YOU PANIC ON US IN A BAD MOMENT, I'LL FIX YOUR WAGON, PERSONALLY!

I-I'LL BE ALL RIGHT ONCE WE GET OFF THIS SUB, MIKE. I KNOW! I JUST CAN'T STAND THESE CLOSE QUARTERS!

WE REACH THE HARBOR IN A FEW MINUTES! EACH MAN KNOWS HIS JOB! DON'T USE THOSE WORDS ON YOUR BACKS GOING IN. THEY'RE ONLY FOR A FAST ESCAPE!



I'LL GIVE YOU FINAL ORDERS ONCE WE'RE INSIDE THE SHARKOL NEST! NEXT MAN! INTO THE TORPEDO TUBE!



IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE UNDERWATER DEMOLITION TEAM IS ALL SHOT OUT OF THE TUBES BY HIGH FIREPOWER...

SPREAD OUT IN FORMATION, SIX FEET APART! WHEN ANYONE ENCOUNTERS A WIRE OR BARBED WIRE, LET US KNOW!



LOOKS LIKE THEY FIGURED WE MIGHT TRY SOMETHING LIKE THIS! WATCH OUT FOR THOSE ALARM WIRES! SET 'EM ALL OUT BEFORE YOU SNIP THE BARBED WIRE!

THE STUFF IS AS THICK AS SPIDER WEBS!



AND AFTER THEY GOT THROUGH THE BARBED WIRE...

DAVIS IS COOL ENOUGH ON THAT DANGEROUS DEMOLITION JOB! MAYBE HE'S GOIN' TO BE ALL RIGHT, AFTER ALL!

STEADY, BERT! WE'VE ALMOST GOT THIS ONE HARMLESS!



OKAY, WE'RE INSIDE THE HARBOR / SET
OUT YOUR SEATING BOMBS / HANDLE 'EM
CAREFULLY / SET TIME MECHANISMS /

I HOPE THESE GUYS ARE CAREFUL /
IF-IF ONE OF THESE BABY A-BOMBS
GOES OFF PREMATURELY, IT'LL BLOW
US ALL INTO FISH BAIT /



HEY? I-I'M HAVIN' TROUBLE BREATHIN' /
THERE'S SOMETHIN' WRONG WITH MY
OXYGEN TANK /

IT'S THE UNDERWATER PRESSURE / WE ALL FEEL
IT / COME ON / WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME TO DO THIS
JOB AND GET OUT OF THE HARBOR BEFORE
THESE BOMBS GO OFF /



EACH MAN TAKE THREE
BOMBKELS / MAKE SURE YOU
PARTEN THE MECHANISMS
CAREFULLY /



THEY--THEY'RE CRAZY / SOMETHING
IS WRONG WITH MY OXYGEN SUPPLY / I-I
CAN HARDLY BREATHE / GETTING WEAK
...SICK... DIZZY /



NIXE / HEL / MY--MY OXYGEN IS--GONE /
--CUT OFF / GOT TO HAVE AIR / GOT TO --GO
SURFACE / YOU GUYS GO ON, AND LEAVE ME /

HOLD TIGHT, BERT /
MAYBE I CAN FIX YOUR TANK /
DON'T SURFACE / BURY STILL /
SAVE YOUR STRENGTH /

HOLD STILL FOR JUST ANOTHER
SECOND, KID! I THINK I'VE FOUND
THE TROUBLE! A VALVE STUCK!



IT—ISN'T GETTING ANY
BETTER! HE'S TRYING TO KID
ME, KEEP ME FROM SURFACING,
GETTING 'EM ALL IN DANGER!
HE—HE'S GONNA LET ME
SUFFOCATE! I CAN'T!

WAIT! STOP! COME
BACK, YOU JERK! I JUST
ABOUT HAD IT FIXED!



NO! NO! CAN'T
STAND ANOTHER SECOND
OF THIS SUFFOCATION!
GOT TO HAVE AIR!

THE YELLOW LITTLE RAT
WILL GET ME ALL KILLED!
I'LL STOP HIM!



NO! THAT ASSHOLE
GUN LL KILL HIM INSTANTLY
—MAYBE HE CAN GET SOME
AIR AND FIX HIS OXYGEN
TANK WITHOUT BEING
SPOTTED BY CONNY
SENTRIES!

OOOON! AIR—
PRECIOUS AIR! I...
AWWWK! I—I CAME UP
RIGHT INTO THE BLAZE OF
A BRIDE SPOTLIGHT!



UNDERWATER SPY GLASS
SOUND ALL ALARMS, COMRADES!
THEY MUST BE CAUGHT!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS,
CONNY! WHEN YOU PUT THAT
CHICKEN-HEARTED LITTLE BRAT'S
LIFE BEFORE THE REST OF US—
THAT'S TOO MUCH! HE'S GOT
TO BE STOPPED!





DAVIS TURNED THE BEARDED GUN ON THE REDS...
AND THE SKELETON CREW HE MOVED JUMPED SWIRL!

RATATATATATATATAT!



GOT THIS SNORKEL ALL TO MYSELF
NOW / IF I CAN SHOOT OUT SOME OF
THOSE UNDERWATER FLOODLIGHTS, MAYBE
IT'LL HELP THE OTHER GUTS ESCAPE!



GOT ONE OF 'EM / I WISH I KNEW
COULD SEE ME NOW / I-I
GUESS IT TOOK THE SHOCK OF
HIS DEATH TO MAKE ME FORGET
MY FEAR... TO MAKE A MAN
OUT OF ME!



THE RED SHORE BATTERY
RESPONDED QUICKLY...

INVASERS HAVE CAPTURED ONE OF
OUR SNORKELS—ARE TURNING ITS GUNS
ON US / BLAST IT OUT OF THE
WATER, COMRADES!

MAYBE I CAN
SEND A FEW MORE COMBAT
BATS TO THEIR OWN PRIVATE HELL
BEFORE THEY GET ME!



OUTSIDE THE HARBOR NETS...

WE MADE IT, ALL RIGHT /
BUT—HEY—LOOK / ONE OF THE
SNORKELS HAS TURNED ITS
GUNS ON THE SHORE BATTERIES /
COULD THAT BE DAVIS?

SEEMS
IMPOSSIBLE,
YET IT MUST
BE / SURENEN, THE
CRAZY JUNK'S CAPTURED
ONE O' THEM SUBS!



THEY'VE GOT THE RANGE / NEXT
BLAST WILL BLOW THIS SNORKEL
TO SMITHERS!



THERE SHE BLOWS / AND
THE SEATONIC BOMBS WE
PLANTED ON THE OTHERS
WILL BE SET OFF BY THE
BLAST, TODAY I'VE GOT
ONE SMALL CHANCE...
I CAN AVOID THE SHOCK
WAVES . . .



BACK AT THE U.S. SUB.

I GUESS WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE
TO SHAKE DAVIS' HAND AND TELL
HOW WE TANK EVERYTHING BACK,
NOW THAN HE---HEY / DO YOU
GUYS HEAR WHAT I HEAR?



ANDY, FIRE!
WAIT UP FOR ME...
DAVIS / I GOT OUT OF THE
HARBOR, RAPPLY / CAN
YOU HEAR ME, FIRE?

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER.

CONGRATULATIONS,
DAVIS / THE MEN
OF THE FIRE TANK
THEIR HATS
OFF TO
YOU /

THANK YOU,
SIR / BUT IT
WAS SOLELY /
MINE KIDGULLEN
DESERVED THE
CREDIT / IF--IF IT
WASN'T FOR HIM, I'D
PROBABLY NEVER BEEN
ANYTHING BUT A YELLOW
LITTLE LOUSE!

